

bolder to chide you, for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set, so your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enioyn'd me,
To write some lines to one she loues.

Speed. And haue you?

Val. I haue.

Speed. Are they not lamely writt?

Val. No (Boy) but as well as I can do them:
Peace, here she comes.

Speed. Oh excellent motion; oh exceeding Puppet:
Now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam & Mistres, a thousand good-morrows.

Speed. Oh, 'giue ye-good-ey'n: heere's a million of
manners.

Sil. Sir Valentine, and seruant, to you two thousand.

Speed. He should giue her interest: & she giues it him.

Val. As you inioynd me; I haue writ your Letter
Vnto the secret, nameles friend of yours:
Which I was much vnwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your Ladship. (done.)

Sil. I thanke you (gentle Seruant) 'tis very Clerkly.

Val. Now trust me (Madam) it came hardly-off:
For being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at randome, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?
Val. No (Madam) so it steed you, I will write
(Please you command) a thousand times as much:
And yet —

Sil. A pretty period: well: I ghesse the sequell;
And yet I will not name it: and yet I care not.
And yet, take this againe: and yet I thanke you:
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will: and yet, another yet.
Val. What means your Ladship?

Val. Doe you not like it?
Sil. Yes, yes: the lines are very queintly writ,
But (since vnwillingly) take them againe.

Val. Nay, take them.
Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. I, I: you writ them Sir, at my request,
But I will none of them: they are for you:
I would haue had them writ more mouingly:

Val. Please you, Ile write your Ladship another.

Sil. And when it's writ: for my sake read it ouer,
And if it please you, so: if not: why so:

Val. If it please me, (Madam?) what then?

Sil. Why if it please you, take it for your labour;
And so good-morrow Seruant. *Exit Sil.*

Speed. Oh left vnscene: inscrutable: inuisible,
As a nose on a mans face, or a Wethercocke on a steeple:
My Master sues to her: and she hath taught her Tutor,
He being her Pupill, to become her Tutor.

Oh excellent deuise, was there euer heard a better?
That my master being scribel,

To himselfe should write the Letter?

Val. How now Sir?

What are you reasoning with your selfe?

Speed. Nay: I was riming: 'tis you y haue the reason.

Val. To doe what?

Speed. To be a Spokes-man from Madam Silvia.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To your selfe: why, she woes you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a Letter, I should say.

Val. Why she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she,

When shee hath made you write to your selfe?

Why, doe you not perceiue theiest?

Val. No, beleue me.

Speed. No beleueing you indeed sir:

But did you perceiue her earnest?

Val. She gaue me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why she hath giuen you a Letter.

Val. That's the Letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And y letter hath she deliuer'd, & there an end.

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. Ile warrant you, 'tis as well:

For often haue you writ to her: and she in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not againe reply,
Or fearing els some messenger, y might her mind discouer
Her self hath taught her Loue himself, to write vnto her
All this I speak in print, for in print I found it. (louer,
Why muse you sir, 'tis dinner time.

Val. I haue dyn'd.

Speed. I, but hearken sir: though the Cameleon Loue
can feed on the ayre, I am one that am nourish'd by my
victuals; and would faine haue meate: oh bee not like
your Mistresse, be moued, be moued. *Exeunt.*

Scena secunda.

Enter Prothens, Iulia, Panthion.

Pro. Haue patience, gentle Iulia:

Iul. I must where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will returne.

Iul. If you turne not: you will return the sooner:
Keepe this remembrance for thy Iulia's sake.

Pro. Why then we'll make exchange;

Here, take you this.

Iul. And seale the bargain with a holy kisse.

Pro. Here is my hand, for my true constancie:
And when that howre ore-slips me in the day,
Wherein I sigh not (Iulia) for thy sake,

The next ensuing howre, some foule mischance

Torment me for my Loues forgetfulness:

My father staies my comming: answer not:

The tide is now; nay, not thy tide of teares,

That tide will stay me longer then I should,

Iulia, farewell: what, gon without a word?

I, so true loue should doe: it cannot speake,

For truth hath better deeds, then words to grace it.

Panth. Sir Prothens: you are staid for.

Pro. Goe: I come, I come:

Alas, this parting strikes poore Louers dumbe. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Launce, Panthion.

Launce. Nay, 'twill bee this howre ere I haue done
weeping: all the kinde of the Launces; haue this very
faule: I haue receiu'd my proportion, like the prodigious
sonne,

Sonne, and am going with Sir Prothens to the Imperiall
Court: I thinke Crab my dog, be the sowrest natured
dogge that liues: My Mother weeping: my Father
wayling: my Sister crying: our Maide howling: our
Carette wringing her hands, and all our house in a great
perplexitie, yet did not this cruell-hearted Curre shedde
one teare: he is a stone, a very pibble stone, and has no
more pitty in him then a dogge: a Jew would haue wept
to haue seene our parting: why my Grandam hauing
no eyes, looke you, wept her selfe blinde at my parting:
nay, Ile shew you the manner of it. This shooe is my fa-
ther: no, this left shooe is my father; no, no, this left
shooe is my mother: nay, that cannot bee so neyther:
yes; it is so, it is so: it hath the werfer sole: this shooe
with the hole in it, is my mother: and this my father:
a veng'ance on't, there 'tis: Now sir, this staffe is my si-
ster: for, looke you, she is as white as a lilly, and as
small as a wand: this hat is Nan our maide: I am the
dogge: no, the dogge is himselfe, and I am the dogge:
oh, the dogge is me, and I am my selfe: I; so, so: now
come I to my Father; Father, your blessing: now
should not the shooe speake a word for weeping:
now should I kisse my Father; well, hee weepes on:
Now come I to my Mother: Oh that she could speake
now, like a would-woman: well, I kisse her: why
there 'tis; heere's my mothers breath vp and downe:
Now come I to my sister; marke the moane she makes:
now the dogge all this while sheds not a teare: nor
speakes a word: but see how I lay the dust with my
teares.

Panth. Launce, away, away: a Boord: thy Master is
ship'd, and thou art to post after with oares; what's the
matter? why weepest thou man? away asle, you'll loose
the Tide, if you tarry any longer.

Launce. It is no matter if the tide were lost, for it is the
vnkindest Tide, that euer any man tide.

Panth. What's the vnkindest tide?

Launce. Why, he that's tide here, Crab my dog.

Panth. Tut, man: I meane thou'lt loose the flood, and
in loosing the flood, loose thy voyage, and in loosing thy
voyage, loose thy Master, and in loosing thy Master,
loose thy seruice, and in loosing thy seruice: — why
dost thou stop my mouth?

Launce. For feare thou shouldst loose thy tongue.

Panth. Where should I loose my tongue?

Launce. In thy Tale.

Panth. In thy Taile.

Launce. Loose the Tide, and the voyage; and the Ma-
ster, and the seruice, and the tide: why man, if the Riuer
were drie, I am able to fill it with my teares: if the winde
were downe, I could driue the boate with my sighes.

Panth. Come: come away man: I was sent to call
thee. *Exeunt.*

Launce. Sir: call me what thou dar'st.

Panth. Wilt thou goe?

Launce. Well, I will goe. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio, Speed, Duke, Prothens.

Sil. Seruant.

Val. Mistres.

Speed. Master, Sir Th

Val. I Boy, it's for l

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my Mistres

Speed. 'Twere good y

Sil. Seruant, you ar

Val. Indeed, Madam

Thur. Seeme you tha

Val. Hap'ly I doe.

Thur. So doe Counte

Val. So doe you.

Thur. What seeme I t

Val. Wife.

Thur. What instance

Val. Your folly.

Thur. And how quoa

Val. I quoa't it in yo

Thur. My Jerkin is a d

Val. Well then, Ile d

Thur. How?

Sil. What, angry, Sir

Val. Giue him leaue,

Thur. That hath more

then liue in your ayre.

Val. You haue said Si

Thur. I Sir, and done t

Val. I know it wel fir

Sil. A fine volly of wo

Val. 'Tis indeed, Ma

Sil. Who is that Seru

Val. Your selfe (sweet

Sir Thurio borrows his v

And spends what he bor

Thur. Sir, if you spend

make your wit bankrupt

Val. I know it well

And I thinke, no other t

For it appeares by their b

That they liue by your b

Sil. No more, gentle

Here comes my father.

Duke. Now, daughter,

Sir Valentine, your father

What say you to a Lette

Of much good newes?

Val. My Lord, I will

To any happy messenger

Duke. Know ye Don A

Val. I, my good Lord

To be of worth, and wor

And not without desert

Duke. Hath he not a Se

Val. I, my good Lord

The honor, and regard o

Duke. You know him

Val. I knew him as m

We haue conuerst, and s

And though my selfe ha

Omitting the sweet bene

To cloath mine age with

Yet hath Sir Prothens (fo

Made vse, and faire adua

His yeares but yong, but

His head vn-mellowed,

And in s' word (for far be

Comes all the praises tha